



THE  
FIRST BOOKE  
OF AYRES.

OR  
LITTLE SHORT  
SONGS, TO SING AND  
*PLAY TO THE LVTE,*  
WITH THE BASE  
VIOLE.

NEWLY PUBLISHED  
BY

THOMAS MORLEY  
*Bachiler of Musike, and one of*  
the Gent. of her Majesties Royall  
CHAPPEL.



Imprinted at London in little S. Helen's by William Barley,  
the assigne of Thomas Morley, and are to be sold at  
his house in Gracious streete. 1600.

Cum Privilegio.

THE  
BLOOMES  
OF  
MUSICKE

TO HIR MAITRE  
OR MUSICKER  
RICHARD CHAUCER  
DE LA PLEINE  
TREWEY.

MUSICKE YAWME

THE

YARNS OF RICHARD CHAUCER  
Who has, by his MUSICK,  
Brought me to the world  
And to the world.

THE BLOOMES OF MUSICKE  
Richard Chaucer  
De la Pleine Trewey

TO THE WORTHIE AND VERTVOVS  
LOVER OF MVSICKE, RALPH  
BOSVILE ESQIRE.



Ir, the loue which you do beare to my qualitie, proceedeth  
(no doubt) of an excellent knowledge you haue therein.  
(For uncouth unkist saith venerable Chaucer:) But that  
which (among so many professors thereof) you beare to  
my selfe in particular, must simply flowe from the bountie  
of a generous spirit, there being no other meanes in me to  
deserue the same, but onely desire. In recompence therefore of my priuate  
fauours, I thought it the part of an honest minde, to make some one pub-  
lique testimonie and acknowledgement thereof. And that, by consecrating  
vnto your protection these few light Ayres for the Lute voice and Violl one-  
ly. Which as they were made this vacation time, you may use likewise at  
your vacant howers. But see the folly of me, who whilſt I look for a Patrone,  
haue lighted on a iudge. This must be the comfort that, as they must en-  
dure the censure of your iudicious eare: so shall they bee sure  
of the protection of your good word. And herewith  
once more I humbly commend them  
and me to your good  
opinion.

At your devotion now and euer.

THO. MORLEY.

## TO THE READER.



Et it not seeme straunge (courteous Reader) that I thus farre presume to take vpon me, in publishing this volume of Lute Ayres, being no professor therof, but like a blind man groping for my way, haue at length happened vpon a method; which when I found, my heart burning loue to my selfe would not consent I might conceale. Two causes moued me heareunto, the first to satisfie the world of my no idle howers ( though both Gods visitation in sicknesse, and troubles in the world, by futes in Law haue kept me busied.) The other cause was to make tryall of my first fruities, which being effected, I will command to indifferent and no partiall judges. If *Amotus* doe euer carpe, let him doe it with judgement least my booke in silence flout his little judgement. If he would faine scoffe, yet feareth to doe it through his wits defect, let him shew judgement in his tongues restraint, in the allowance of that which I doubt not, but more iudicall eares shall applaude. Too many there are, who are sillily indeude with an humour of reprehension; and those are they that euer want true knowledge of apprehension. I know that *Scientia non habet inimicum prater ignoramus*: but I shall not feare their barking questes. This booke exspecteth the fauourable censure of the exquisite iudicall eares, scorning the welcomme of any *Mydas*, if therefore the more worthier receive it into their fauour, it is as much as euer I wished, or can expect. In due whereof, I shall by this encouragement promise and produce sundrie fruities of this kind, which verie shortly I will command vnto you. In the meane time I command and commit both this and my selfe, to your euergood opinion. And salute you with a hartie. Adieu.

Yours in all loue.

THO. MORLEY.



## A TABLE CONTAINING ALL THE SONGS IN THIS BOOKE.

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FINIS.

CANTVS.

I.

THO. MORLET.



Pain - ted tale by

Po - cts skill de - uised, where words well plast great store of loue profest.

In loues at - tyre can ne - uer Maske dif - guyfde,

For looks and sighs true loue can best expresse, And he whose wordes his passions night can tell

Dooth more in wordes dooth more in wordes then in true loue ex - cell,

PAINTED TALE

THO. MORLET.

PAINTED TALE

FOR THE BASE PIANO

And he whose words his passions night can tell: Dooth more in wordes, dooth more in wordes,

then in true loue ex - cell,





CANTVS.

III.

THO. MORLEY.

Ith my loue my life was nestled, In the some of happines, From my loue my  
life was wrested, To a world of heauines, O let loue my life remoue, Sith I liue not where I loue; O let  
loue my life remoue, Sith I liue not where I loue,

Ith my loue,

THO. MORLEY.

FOR THE BASE VIOLLE.

2 Where the truth once was and is not,  
Shadowes are but vanities,  
Shewinge want that helpe they cannot;  
Signes not slaues of miseries,  
Painted meate no hunger feedes,  
Dying life each death exceeds.

3 O true loue since thou hast left me,  
Mortall life is tedious,  
Death it is to liue without thee,  
Death of all most odious,  
Turne againe and take me with thee,  
Let me die, or liue thou in me,

CANTVS.

V.

THO. MORLEY.

Saw  
my La - dye wee - ping , And forrowe proud to bee ad - uaun - ced so ,  
In thosc fayre eyes jj. Wherall perfection kept her face was full of  
woe , But such a woe , Bee leue mee as winnes mennes heartes , Then  
as winnes mennes heartes , Then myrth can doo , Then

SAW my LADIE WEEPING  
FOR THE BASE VIOL  
mirth can doo with her intising partes , But such a woe ,  
Bee leue mee as winnes mennes heartes , Then  
myrth can doo , Then myrth can doo with her intising partes ,

## CANTVS.

## VI.

## THO. MORLET.

T was a louer and his lass, With a haye, with a ho and a hayenonic  
 no and a haye nonic nonic no, That o're the green corné fields did passe in spring time, ij. ij.  
 the only pretiring time whē birds do sing, hay ding ading ading ij. ij. sweete  
 louers loue the springe in spring time, ij. The only pretiring time whē birds do sing, Haye  
 ding ading ading, ij. ij. sweete louers loue the spring.

I  
 T was a louer,  
 FOR THE BASE VIOLE, VI, THO. MORLET.

2 Between the Akers of the rie,  
 With a hay, with a ho and a hay nonic no,  
 These prettie Countrie fooles would lie,  
 In spring time, the only pretiring time,  
 When Birds doe sing, hay ding a ding a ding,  
 Sweete louers loue the spring.

3 This Carrell they began that houre,  
 With a hay, with a ho and a hay nonic no,  
 How that a lise was but a flower,  
 In spring time, the only pretiring time,  
 When Birds doe sing, hay ding a ding a ding,  
 Sweete louers loue the spring.

4 Then prettie louers take the time,  
 With a hay, with a ho and a hay nonic no,  
 For loue is crowned with the prime,  
 In spring time, the only pretiring time,  
 When Birds doe sing, hay ding a ding a ding,  
 Sweete louers loue the spring.

CANTYS.

VII.

THO. MORLEY.

Ho is it that this darke  
night . VWho is it that this darke night , Under my  
window play - neth, It is one that from thy sight bee - ing ah ex - ilde dif -  
dai - neth eue - rie o - dher vul - gar light , It is one that from thy sight  
be - ing ah ex - ilde dif - dai-neth e - ue - rie other vul - gar light.

Ho is it that this darke night,  
THO. MORLEY. VII.

FOR THE BASE VIOLLE.

- 2 Why alas and are you he,  
Be not those fond fancies chaunged,  
Deare when you find change in me,  
Though from me you be estranged,  
Let my change to ruine be,
- 3 Well in absence this will die,  
Leave to see, and leaue to wonder,  
Absence surc will helpe if I,  
Can learne how my selfe to sunder,  
From what in my heart doth lie.
- 4 But time will thefe thoughts remoue,  
Time doth worke what no man knoweth:  
Time doth as the subiect proue.  
With time still the affection groweth,  
In the faithfull turtle Douse.
- 5 What if you new beauties see,  
Will not they stirre new affection,  
I will thinke they pictures bee;  
Image like of Sants perfection,  
Poorely counterfeiting thee.
- 6 But the reasons purest light,  
Bids you leaue such minds to nourish,  
Deare doe reason no such spite,  
Neuer doth thy beaute flourish,  
More then in my reasons sight,
- 7 But the wrongs loue beares will make,  
Loue at length leaue yndertaking,  
No the more foolcs it dochake,  
In a ground of so firme making,  
Deeper still they drive the stake.
- 8 Peace I thinkte that some give care,  
Come no more leaft I get anger,  
Bliffe I will my bliffe forbear,  
Fearing tweete you to endaunger,  
But my soule shall harber there,
- 9 Well be gon, begon I say,  
Leaft that Argues eyes perceiue you,  
O vnuitself fortunes lway,  
Which can make me thus to leaue,  
And from Loutes to runne away.

CANTVS.

VIII.

THO. MORLEY.



Istere if mine well may you fare, Kind be your thoughts and void of care,

Sweete Saint Venus bee your spedee, That you may in loue proceede, Coll mee and clip and  
 kisse me to, So so so so so true loue should do, Coll me and clip and kisse mee to, So so so so  
 so true loue should doo.

FOR THE BASE VOICE. VIII. THO. MORLEY.

Coll me and clip and kisse me to,

2 This faire morning Sunne bright,  
 That giues life to loues delight;  
 Euerie hart with heate inflames,  
 And our cold affection blames.  
 Coll me and clip and kisse me to,  
 So so so so true loue should do.

3 In these woods are none but birds,  
 They can speake but silent words:  
 They are prettie harmeleffe things,  
 They will shade vs with their wings.  
 Coll me and clip and kisse me to,  
 So so so so true loue should do.

4 Neuer striue nor make no noyes,  
 Tis for foolish girles and boyes,  
 Euerie childifh thing can say,  
 Goe to, how now, pray away.  
 Coll me and clip and kisse me to,  
 So so so so true loue should do.

## CANTVS.



IX.

THO. MORLEY.

An I forget what reasons force, Imprinted in my heart, Can Ivn-

thake these restlesse thoughtes when first I fel loues dart, Shall tongue recall what

thoughts & loue by reason once did speake. No, no all thinges faue death wantes

force that faith - full band to breake. No, no all things faue death wantes force that

faithfull band to breake.

An Iforce.

THO. MORLEY.

IX.

FOR THE BASE VIOLLE.

- 2 For now I proue no life to loue, where fancie breeds content,  
True loues reward with wise regard, is never to repent,  
It yelds delight that feedes the fight, whilst distancc doe them part,  
Such foode feed me when I did see, in mine another hart,
- 3 Another hart I spied, combind within my brest so fast,  
As to a straunger I seemde straunge, but loue forcd loue at last,  
Yet was I not as then I seem'd, but rather wch to see,  
Ifin so full of harbour loue, might constant lodged bee.
- 4 So Cupid playes oft now a dayes, and makes the foole seeme faire,  
He dims the sight breeding delight, where we seeme to dispaire,  
So in our hart he makes them sport, and laughs at them that loue,  
Who for their paine gets this againe, their loue no liking moue.

CANTVS.

X.

THO. MORLEY.



Oue wingd my hopes and taught them how to flic,  
Farre from base earth, But not to mount, Put not to mount, But not to mount  
to hie. For true pleasure ij. lies in measure which if men for  
fakc, Blinded they into follie run, Blinded they into follie follie  
runne, And griece, And griece, And griece for pleasure take. For

Oue wingd my hopes,

THO. MORLEY.

2 But my valye hopes proud of aldris new taught light,  
Enamored fought to vye the Sunnes faire light,  
Whols rich brightnes, mounted their lightnes,  
To aspire so high:  
That all scordt & confundt with farr, now drownd in woe they lie;

3 And none but loue their wofull hys doth rue,  
For loue doth know that their deffers were true:  
Though fates frowned and now drowned,  
They in sorrow dwell,  
It was the purst light of heaven, for whols faire lone they fell;

true pleasure ij. lies in measure which if men for sake,

Blinded they into follie run, Blinded they into follie follie runne, And griece, And griece,  
And griece for pleasure take.

D

CANTVS.

XI.

THO. MORLEY.



Hath if my mistresse now will needs vnconstant be, Wilt thou be the so false in

Music score for Cantus (Vocal) and Bass Viol (Base Viol). The vocal part features a large decorative initial 'W' at the beginning. The bass viol part includes tablature notation below the staff.

Text lyrics:

Hath if my mistresse now will needs vnconstant be, Wilt thou be the so false in  
 loue as well as shee, No no such false hoodie fice, though women faithleſſe be, No no such falſe hood  
 fice, though women faithleſſe be.

Music score for Harf my Mutterle. The title is written vertically along the top of the staff. The bass viol part continues from the previous page.

Text lyrics:

Harf my Mutterle.

FOR THE BASS VIOLE. THO. MORLEY.

XI. THO. MORLEY.

- 2 My mistresse frownes and sweraes that now I loue her not,  
The change ſhee finds, is that which my diſpaire begot,  
Diſpaire which is my loue, ſince ſhee all faith forgot.
- 3 Shee blames my truth and cauſefleſly accuſeth me,  
I muſt not let mine eyes report what they doe ſee,  
My thoughts restraint muſt be, and yet ſhee will goe free,
- 4 If ſhee doth change ſhee muſt not be in conſtancie,  
For why ſhee doth profeſſe to take ſuch libertie,  
Her ſelſe ſhee will vntie, and yet ſhe bound am I.
- 5 If ſhee at once doe pleafe to fauour more then one,  
I agreed in humble ſort to make my mone,  
I ſpake not to a ſtone, where ſence of loue is none.
- 6 But now let loue in time redrefſe all theſe my wrongs,  
And let my loue receiuē the due to her belongs,  
Els thile frame my ſong or chaunge my miſtrefſe longs.
- 7 Which if I find my hart ſome other where ſhall dwell,  
For louing not to be beloued it is a hell,  
Since ſo my hap befall, I bid my loue farre well.

CANTVS.

XII.

THO. MORLEY.



Ome sorrow come sit  
downe and morne with me, Hange downe thy head vpon thy bale - full brest,  
That God and man and all the world may see, Our heanie heartes doo lie in quiet rest,  
Enfold thine armes and wring and wring thy wretched hands, To shewe the state where  
in poore sorrowe standes, To shew the state wherin poore sor - row standes,

Music score for three voices (Cantus, Alto, Bass) with tablature below each staff. The music consists of six staves of five-line staff notation with various note heads and rests. Tablature below each staff shows fingerings (F, P, etc.) and string positions (e.g., c, b, g, d, a). The vocal parts are in common time, and the bass part is in common time.

FOR THE BASE VIOLLE.  
XII.

Omciflow come  
THO. MORLEY.

Music score for Bass Violle with tablature below the staff. The music consists of six staves of five-line staff notation with various note heads and rests. Tablature below each staff shows fingerings (F, P, etc.) and string positions (e.g., c, b, g, d, a).

2 Crie not our-right for that were childrens guise,  
But let thy tears fall trickling downe thy face,  
And weepe so long vntill thy blubbered eyes,  
May see (in Sunne) the depth of thy disgrace.  
Oh shake thy head, but not a word but mumme.  
The heart once dead, the tongue is stroken dumme.

3 And let our fare be dishes of dispight,  
To breake our hearts and not our fastes withall,  
Then levs sup, with sorrow sops at night,  
And bitter fawce, afe of a broken gall,  
Thus let vs lie, till heauens may rue to see,  
The dolefull doome ordained for thise and mee,

Enfold thine armes & wring, And wring thy wretched hands, To shewe the state where  
in poore sorrowe standes, To shew the state wherin poore sor - row standes,

Music score for three voices (Cantus, Alto, Bass) with tablature below each staff. The music consists of six staves of five-line staff notation with various note heads and rests. Tablature below each staff shows fingerings (F, P, etc.) and string positions (e.g., c, b, g, d, a). The vocal parts are in common time, and the bass part is in common time.

CANTVS.

XIII.

THO. MORLEY



Aire in a morne oh fairest morne was euer morne so faire, When as the

fun but not the same that shined in the ayre, And on a hill, oh fairest hill was never hill so blessed,

There stooode a man was neuer man for no man so distressed , There stooode a man was

III. III.

neuer man for no man so distressed.

n n n G

~~a a a a~~

— 1 —

• 111 X

#### FOR THE BASE VIOLET.

2 But of the earth no earthly Sunne, and yet no earthly creature,  
There stode a face was nevere face, that carried such a feature,  
This man had hap O happie man, no man so hapt as he,  
For none had hap to see the hap, that he had hapt to see.

3 And as he beheld this man beheld, he saw so faire a face,  
The which would daunt the fairest here, and staine the brauest grace,  
Pittie he cried, and pittie came, and pitied for his paine,  
That dying would not let him die, but gaue him life againe.

4 For joy whereof he made such mirth, that all the world did ring,  
And *Pm* for all his *Nimphes* came forth, to heare the Shepherds sing,  
But such a song song never was, nor neare will be againe,  
Of *Philtida* the shewards Queene, and *Coridan* the Iwaine.

INTVS.

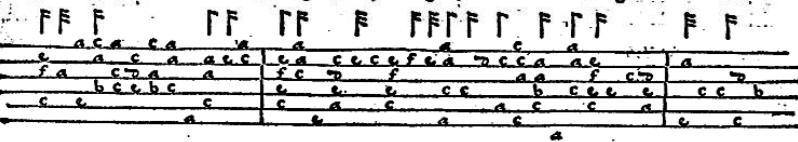
XVII.

THO. MORLEY.



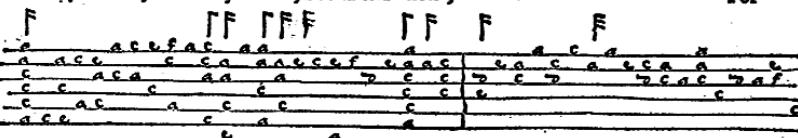
Bfence heere

thou my pro - testa - tion , Against thy strength, distaunce and length doo



what you dare, Doe what you dare, For al-tera - tion ,

For



hartes of tru - est met - tall , Absence dooth ioyne, Absence dooth ioyne,



And time dooth set - tle , And time dooth set - tle.

